

Celebrating the Life of
Clover L. Robinson

March 18, 1953 - July 17, 2014



Sunday, August 3, 2014 - 10:00 a.m.

ETERNITY FUNERAL SERVICES
725 E. Gun Hill Road • Bronx, NY 10467
Bishop Richard S. McCray, Officiating
Loris Laborde, Organist

Life's Reflections

On March 18, 1953 in Port Maria, Jamaica West Indies, the union of Melita Edwards and Alfred Ferguson was blessed with a daughter, **Clover Lynne Ferguson** known to many as "Claudette". Her mother and father preceded her in death. One of five children, she has one sister, Aileen Ferguson (Fay) and three brothers, Milton Ferguson, Roy Ferguson (Jimmy) and Jeffroy Ferguson (Larry).

Claudette was educated at Port Maria Primary and Stratford High School. She was married to Allan Robinson for 31 years and this union was blessed with four beautiful daughters, Nichole Robinson (Debbie), Angelee Robinson (Angie), Natalia Robinson (Ms. Rob) and Anecia Robinson.

In 1987 Claudette migrated to the United States where she became a Certified Nursing Attendant and worked at Gouverneur Health for 25 years and at Split Rock Nursing Home for 23 years. She worked faithfully until November 2013 when she became ill.

Her favorite hobbies were SHOPPING and traveling.

On July 17, 2014 Claudette peacefully passed away in the presence of her loving family. She will always be remembered as a loving wife, mother, grandmother, sister, aunt, mother-in-law, sister-in-law, cousin and friend.

Claudette leaves behind to cherish her precious memories: ex-husband, Allan; daughters, Debbie, Angie, Ms. Rob and Anecia; sister, Fay; brothers, Milton, Jimmy and Larry; twelve grandchildren, Alikhlas, Alhajj, Andre, Victoria, Alexandra, Ma'lek, Dillon, Delaney, Mekhi, Joslyn, Marley and Myles; two sisters-in-law, Georgia Ferguson and Marion Ferguson and a host of aunts, uncles, nieces, nephews, cousins and friends too numerous to mention.

Gone, but not forgotten, may her soul rest in peace.

Order of Service

Processional

Opening Prayer “Our Father”

Opening Hymn “The Lord’s My Shepherd”

Old Testament Reading Psalm 90:1-17
Kerry-Ann McDonald

Solo “Amazing Grace”
Elaine Ferguson-Bennett

New Testament Reading Ecclesiastes 3:1-2, 12-13, 20
Alikhlas Boxx

Family Tribute Jonette McDonald

Sermon Bishop Richard S. McCray

Dance Tribute Claudjah Robinson

Eulogy Marion Ferguson

Hymn “What A Friend We Have In Jesus”

Tributes/Acknowledgements

Closing Hymn “Beyond The Sunset”

Interment

Kensico Cemetery
Valhalla, New York

The Lord is My Shepherd

1. The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2. My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.

3. Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff my comfort still.

4. My table Thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5. Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house forevermore,
My dwelling place shall be.



Psalm 90

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

What a Friend We Have in Jesus

1. What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

2. Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3. Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

4. Blessed Savior, Thou hast promised
Thou wilt all our burdens bear;
May we ever, Lord, be bringing
All to Thee in earnest prayer.
Soon in glory bright, unclouded,
There will be no need for prayer—
Rapture, praise, and endless worship
Will be our sweet portion there.

Beyond The Sunset

Beyond the sunset, O blissful morning
When with our Saviour heaven is begun
Earth's toiling ended, O glorious dawning
Beyond the sunset when day is done.

Beyond the sunset, no clouds will gather
No storms will threaten, no fears annoy
O day of gladness, O day unending
Beyond the sunset eternal joy.

Beyond the sunset, a hand will guide me
To God the Father whom I adore
His glorious presence, His words of welcome
Will be my portion on that fair shore.

Beyond the sunset, O glad reunion
With our dear loved ones who've gone before
In that fair homeland we'll know no parting
Beyond the sunset forever more.



Beloved,
Today we lived.
Celebrating your memory.
Remembering your beauty.
Releasing.
Mother of ours,
roam this earth no more.
Freed from the captivity of our tears,
sleep in peaceful slumber of happiness.
Resurrect in the lines of your children's
smile.

Mother of ours,
These children of yours,
bid you sweet rest.

Completion.
-Angeley Crawford

Acknowledgement

*The family of **Clover L. Robinson** acknowledges with great appreciation all acts of kindness, sympathy and love extended to us during this time of bereavement.*

Eternity 
Funeral Services

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